IQBAL

AS
I KNEW HIM

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ARRIVAL

Allama Iqbal lost his wife Sardar Begum in the year 1935. His two minor children Javid, aged eleven years, and Munira, aged five years, were left motherless. This was a cause of great concern to Allama Iqbal, who himself was an ailing man. He asked all his friends to try and find a suitable lady to look after the children and run the house. Among these friends was Professor Rashid Ahmad Siddiqui of Aligarh Muslim University.

At that time I was living in Aligarh with my sister Lisa who was married to Dr. Asghar Ali Haider, Chairman of the Botany Department at Aligarh University. Professor Rashid Siddiqui and his family were great friends of our family. Khalifa Abdul Hakim from Lahore approached my brother-in-law, through him to prevail upon me to accept the post.

Siddiqui Sahib told me that Allama Iqbal is to India what Goethe is to Germany. To occupy a position in his house was a great honour, and if I accepted it, I would be rendering a great service to the Indian Muslims. He said that lqbal badly needed someone to take care of his two children who had recently lost their mother. Dr. Iqbal had very great regard for German women and he was very anxious for me to join his household when he heard about me.

Initially, my brother-in-law would not agree to my going so far away, and he did not like me to take up any kind of work. But Siddiqui Sahib persuaded him to let

me go for the reason that I was to serve the family of Allama Iqbal.

Siddiqui Sahib knew that I was very fond of children. It was with this argument that he persuaded me that I would be a proper person to give them the care and affection they needed.

I arrived in Lahore by train on a very hot morning in May. Ali Bakhsh—Dr. Iqbal's personal servant, Mr. Shafi 'Meem Sheen'—a close friend and an admirer of Dr. Iqbal, and Munira, his young daughter, were there to receive me at the railway station.

We drove to Javid Manzil in a tonga. The house situated on the then Mayo Road was a typical Indian Kothi with a pale yellow exterior and long pillared veranda on all sides. The drive went through somewhat unkempt lawns towards an arched portico, where an old French Delisle car was parked.

We alighted from the tonga and entered through the front veranda into what was supposed to be the men's drawing room of the house. I was dismayed at the rather untidy and shabby appearance of the room. I had arrived at the residence with mixed feelings of awe and curiosity, since I had heard about Dr. Sahib's greatness from others.

My first impression of Dr. Iqbal will always stand out in my mind. He was sitting on a sofa dressed in *Shalwar Qamees* (I learnt later that he had specially dressed up for the occasion, since he was normally dressed *Tehband* and vest in the house during summer).

He greeted me in a very informal and friendly manner and put me at ease immediately. I admired him very much for being totally untouched by his fame.

I found the house in a very unkempt and disorderly condition. Dr. Sahib and his family had moved into the house just an year ago, when his wife was seriously ill. The house had been built at her insistence because she had always wanted her children to live in their own house. She had contributed most of the money for the construction of the house out of her household savings. Unfortunately, she was not destined to enjoy living in it herself and she died a few days after shifting there. Iqbal was so heart-broken that after her death he never visited the rooms she had occupied. He confined himself to the three front rooms of the house and regularly paid Javid a monthly rent for these rooms (the house had been built in his name). The rent was paid on the 21st of every month in advance. It is significant that he died on the 21st of April, so he did not owe anything at the time of his death.

SETTLING IN

I moved into the inner rooms of the house with the children and started trying to make the place look bright and cheerful for them. Dr. Sahib had asked me to take over the duties of running the household, supervise the kitchen and the servants besides my primary responsibilities of looking after Javid and Munira.

Javid was nearly eleven years old at that time. Being a boy he was quite independent and self-sufficient and did not need much looking after. Munira, on the other hand, was only five years old. Her mother's death had left her with a feeling of deep insecurity. This feeling further deepened as several people had come and looked

after her for short periods of time with the result that she felt that perhaps I would also go away after a while.

She would not respond in the beginning to any of my efforts at being friendly, and I, almost despaired of being unable to communicate with her. When I mentioned this to Dr. Sahib, he said, "She is observing you carefully, please be patient and give her some time. She will come to you herself when she is ready."

The breakthrough came after about two weeks of gentle endeavours to win her over, and when she finally did start talking to me she would not leave me alone at all. She used to call me "Apa Jan" and would trail behind me in the house wherever I went.

She would keep chattering while I did the ironing or other small chores, and when I finished the work she would say, "You see I have kept you amused with my conversation and have helped you to finish your work so quickly." She tried to imitate me in everything and to assist me in the little household tasks that I performed.

When I took over the domestic routine, Dr. Sahib used to order the lunch menu. The cook Majeed was fairly good at his job. Dr. Sahib would have lunch with the children and me in the dining room. This was the time when he would ask the children about their activities in school that day.

He was not keeping very good health, therefore, he stayed in bed in the evenings, and would not have any dinner, but after a while I prevailed upon him to have a cup of soup and toast in the evening. After some time he started enjoying this simple repast.

THE DAILY ROUTINE

The children used to leave for school in the morning. After sending them off I would supervise the household chores till about 9.30 A.M. Ali Bakhsh would take the morning post to Dr. Sahib's room at 10 O'clock, and if he was not having any visitors he would send for me to read out his English letters. This was necessary because by this time his eyesight had become very weak. Even if he had to sign any document, I would indicate the place to him and he would sign it.

Once there was a letter from the Muslim students' association in England. Khawaja Abdul Rahim was one of them. They also enclosed a photograph of their group. They had written to ask what they could do to help propogate Dr. Sahib's idea of an independent Muslim State.

I asked Dr. Sahib, "Why is it, that when people should be trying to unite all over the world, these people are trying to separate ?" He then told me that he was the one who had started this and given them the idea of a separate homeland for the Muslims of India. He explained that this was necessary because they were so different to the Hindus in their beliefs, their culture and way of living that it would not be possible for them to live together amicably.

Once he received an invitation from the Muslims of Bengal to come and address them in Dacca. But since by this time he was a chronic ailing man, he asked me to write to them and regret that he was unable to come because of his health, but that he was very happy that they were taking such keen interest in his ideas and he wished them every success. He dictated in the end of the

letter, "Fight! for in light there is life." I remember this specially since we have a German proverb saying–

"Kampfe! dom im Kamfe ist Leben."

which has the same meaning. Many times then I read out the letters, he would explain and discuss the contents with me and dictate suitable replies.

The Urdu correspondence was handled by Syed Nazir Niazi and Muhammad Shafi, who were both young men at that time. Muhammad Shafi was studying for his M.A. in Islamia College, Lahore. They normally came in the evening.

In winter when it was sunny Ali Bakhsh would put a *Takht* for Dr. Sahib in front of the house, where he would enjoy the sunshine. He would sometimes recline in an easy chair. I had set a Badminton net in the front lawn and he enjoyed watching me play with Javid, and sometimes with Bano, Munira, who could not play properly yet, as she was very small.

In summer Dr. Sahib would sleep outside on a *Niwar Charpai*. Rehma, the boy servant, would first water the lawn and then arrange the beds for Dr. Sahib and Javid with a pedestal fan nearby. Munira and I used the ladies' courtyard at the back of the house for sleeping.

Dr. Sahib's *huqqa* was always lying at his bedside and it was kept fresh at all times by either Ali Bakhsh or Rehma—the *mali*. One day when Ali Bakhsh was preparing the *huqqa,* I noticed that the aroma arising from it was different and very fragrant. I remarked about this to Dr. Sahib and he said, "Oh, you have noticed the difference! This is a special tobacco someone has brought for me from Lucknow."

Throughout the day people kept dropping in to see him. I was never present in his room when he had visitors unless he specially requested for it or when it was one of his regular visitors. The people, who came regularly, were mostly his close friends and admirers. Among them were Ch. Muhammad Hussain, Munshi Tahir Din (who had been his Munshi when he was practising), Raja Hassan Akhtar, Dr. Abdul Hamid, Nazir Niazi, Muhammad Shafi, Hakim Qarshi, Dr. Jamiat Singh, Khalifa Abdul Hakim, Mian Amiruddin and sometimes Dr. Taseer.

Besides these regular visitors, people from all walks of life would throng to pay their respects to him as he was already a very famous man. Many young people, specially students came to seek guidance and advice.

One visit stands out in my memory. The visitor was an Arab gentleman. On this occasion Dr. Sahib asked me to bring the children to the room as this gentleman was going to recite the Holy Quran to them. He asked me if I would also like to listen and I joined them all. The gentleman recited with beautiful *Qirat* and I noticed that Dr. Sahib was weeping all the while that the Arab was reciting the Holy verses. Even though I did not understand, I was very impressed by the beauty of his recitation and the atmosphere—the children were spellbound and Dr. Sahib was shaking with emotion.

Dr. Sahib was a deeply religious man. He offered his prayers five times a day. Because of his illness, he was not able to stand and kneel, so he offered his prayers while sitting on the bed. He always had a copy of the Holy Quran at his bedside which he frequently studied and often broke down with emotion while reading it.

I have never known him to drink and I remember distinctly an incident which showed strongly his intense dislike for alcohol. A Sikh once came to see him. He came and sat in Dr. Sahib's room for a while. Then he went outside and asked Ali Bakhsh to bring him a soda water bottle (out of ear shot of Dr. Sahib). Ali Bakhsh fetched him a soda from across the street and the man produced a flask from his pocket and was sitting in the veranda having a drink. When Dr. Sahib somehow found out what was going on, he was so agitated that inspite of his illness he got out of bed and rushed to the veranda. He was suffering from throat trouble but he tried to shout at the man and told him to get out of his house. On hearing the commotion I ran out from the inner rooms and found Dr. Sahib abusing the man even though his voice was very weak. He also strongly reprimanded Ali Bakhsh for having brought soda for the Sikh. This was the only time that I had seen him getting angry with Ali Bakhsh with whom he was normally very courteous and gentle.

About a year before his death in 1937 Pandit Nehru came to visit him in the company of Mian and Begum Iftikharuddin, who were his hosts. I noticed that Pandit Nehru insisted on sitting on the floor in the presence of Dr. Sahib. Consequently, Mian and Begum Iftikharuddin also sat on the floor with him. They remained talking with Dr. Sahib for quite a while. After they went away Dr Sahib remarked:

> "I can express myself to him and he can grasp my ideas. I find it easy to exchange ideas with him as he has a great depth of understanding."

Jinnah also visited him about the same period. Dr. Sahib was looking forward to his visit for many days and

it was a greatly talked about event in the household. On the day he was expected, Dr. Sahib called Javid and told him that a great man was coming to visit them and Javid must be present during the meeting. When Jinnah arrived, Javid was called in and after he was introduced, Jinnah asked him:

> "What are you going to do when you grow up?"

Javid was still a child and rather shy and retiring specially in the presence of his father and a great man. So he did not make any reply. Jinnah remarked:

> "He does not answer my question,"

on which Iqbal replied:

> "He will not answer you, because he is waiting for you to guide him as to what to do when he grows up."

Once an Italian scholar came to visit Dr. Sahib. This visit took place during the summer months and they sat and had long discussions, in the courtyard outside Dr. Sahib's room. Later Dr. Sahib commented that he enjoyed this scholar's visit very much.

Sir Ross Masood was a great friend of Iqbal. He had also appointed him as one of the guardians of his children in case of his own demise. Dr. Sahib frequently visited him in Bhopal and had a regular correspondence with him. He had also selected the name for Sir Ross Masood's daughter Nadira. While I was at Javid Manzil news came of the death of Sir Ross Masood. Dr. Sahib was deeply grieved to hear this news as he had lost one of his dearest friends. Dr. Taseer used to visit occasionally. He was married to an English lady Christabel and Dr. Sahib had drawn up their Nikahnama in English. It is a very liberal document in which the wife

had equal right to dissolve the marriage in case of differences arising. His wife also accompanied him sometimes when he came to visit. Once Taseer remarked to me about Javid:

> "It is very difficult for anything to grow under the shade of a big tree and Javid will always have a problem in making a mark for himself in life, because people will invariably compare him with his father."

At that time I thought this remark rather odd. But in later life Javid himself often remarked on the difficulty he had experienced in getting credit for anything he did because his efforts, no matter however spectacular, were always diminished before his father's great achievements.

Quite a number of students used to come to the house to listen to Dr. Sahib talking or just to be with him.

CLOTHINGS

During my stay in Javid Manzil, Dr. Sahib was always very simply dressed. In summer he would wear only a *Tehband* and a cotton vest day and night. In winter he would wrap a *Pashmina Dhussa* or *Shawl* around his shoulders over the same attire. He never wore *kurta* even in winter since he was always confined to his bed. When I first joined the establishment the vest and *Tehband* were always washed at home by Ali Bakhsh. But I later insisted on sending these to the *Dhobi* as they were never white enough if washed at home. Ali Bakhsh was insistent that the vests be repaired and used as long as possible. I used to mend them when they were slightly

used. But when they became too worn out I would throw them away inspite of Ali Bakhsh's protests.

Dr. Sahib wore *Shalwar Qamees* only twice during my stay. The first occasion, as I have recounted, was the day of my arrival when he had made a special effort to get out of bed and receive me. The second occasion was when we all went to the Dentist. Dr. Sahib's tooth was hurting him for quite some time, subsequently Bano also developed some problem for which her tooth had to be extracted. So we all went together to Dr. Ataullah's Clinic on the Mall. Malik Allah Ditta from Hotel Khayaban (which is still situated opposite Javid Manzil) drove us there in his car.

Dr. Sahib also had an old French car at that time called Delisle, but we did not use it at all as it was not in a running condition and would have been too expensive to maintain. After Dr. Sahib's demise this was sold to a scrap-dealer for a nominal price, had we retained it, it would have become of great value today as an antique.

Dr. Sahib had no income at this time from his practice as he was too ill to actively pursue his profession. His only source of income was a monthly stipend of Rs. 500 regularly sent by the Nawab of Bhopal and some minor income from the publication of his books. The Nizam of Hyderabad once sent him a cheque for Rs. 1,000 from the *Baitulmal,* but Iqbal sent this back to the Nizam with his regrets. He was very annoyed at the patronising manner in which it had been sent. The establishment was a very simple one and I tried to manage frugally within the limited means available.

In winter I would place a charcoal '*Angeethi*' or brazier to warm his room in the evenings, because the

fire-place did not work properly. In summer he used a ceiling fan in his room, and in the evening the *Mali* would sprinkle water in the courtyard in front of his room, and would set out *Charpais* and a pedastal fan where Dr. Sahib and his friends would gather for a while. Javid used to sleep there, in the front courtyard of the house with him. Bano and I used the ladies' courtyard at the back of the house in summer for sleeping.

The Mayo Road, as it was called at that time, was not a very busy road and I would take Bano for a walk in the evenings, sometimes, behind the house towards the railway quarters.

Dr. Sahib never visited the *Zanankhana* of the house. The only three rooms used by him were his bed-room, the front drawing room which also served as his study as well as Library, and the dining room where we used to have our afternoon meals together.

I remember only one occasion on which he came to the *Zanankhana*. Javid had a very bad attack of Malaria. Dr. Sahib used to inquire about his health daily. When he had been ill for several days, Dr. Sahib came in to see him in the inner sitting room where I had placed his bed under the fan. He commented on how neat and cheerful the place looked, and he was very pleased to see that I had placed their mother's photograph on the mantlepiece with Javid's and Munira's pictures on either side. He remarked that this was the first time he had visited the *Zanankhana* since the death of his wife— the mother of Munira and Javid.

He often talked about their mother. He was always full of praise for her and said that she had been a very devoted wife and mother. He was full of admiration for

her. He mentioned, that whenever he went out during her life time, she would wait for him till he returned, no matter how late at night, and even if it was past mid-night she would serve him with hot meals and fresh *Chapatis*. She also used to teach the Holy Quran to the small girls or children of the neighbourhood, and was generally on very good terms with all relatives of Dr. Sahib as well as the neighbours. I have never heard him discuss anything pertaining to his earlier marriages.

THE HOUSE AND SERVANTS

I have mentioned earlier that the house was in a very unkempt condition when I first arrived. This was natural as Javid's mother had already been dead for a year when I came and there had been no woman to look after the house during that period. It was run entirely by male servants.

Dr. Sahib had four servants at that time. Ali Bakhsh, who was the major dom till I arrived, and who had been Dr. Sahib's personal servant since his student days; Majid, who was the cook and was later replaced by Ghani; Rehman, who was the *Mali* and jack-of-all-trades. Ali Bakhsh made him run all the errands like fetching things from the *Bazar,* etc. The fourth was the sweepress.

Ali Bakhsh was extremely devoted to Dr. Sahib. He had never married and considered Dr. Sahib's family as his own. He dominated the house completely till my arrival; after my arrival he took some time to adjust to his changed position. At first, he did not like to be accountable to me for all the expenditure he made for

running the house, but gradually we became very good friends.

His daily routine was to make up the *huqqa* for Dr. Sahib, whenever he needed it, to attend to all his personal needs, to massage him whenever he was free, and to bring in the visitors: He waited upon Dr. Sahib at the table. He would take Munira to school on a tonga every day and bring her back in the afternoon. He also used to wash Dr. Sahib's clothes himself and mend them before my arrival. He was very devoted and affectionate towards Javid and Munira. I have never seen Dr. Sahib speaking harshly to him except when he lost his temper with him over the incident of the Sikh which I have narrated earlier. Ali Bakhsh used to receive a salary of Rs. 25 per month when I came. This was considered to be quite a big sum in those days. After Dr. Sahib's death he continued to receive a pension from Javid till he died in 1967. He was also given two squares of land by the Government of Pakistan in 1956 in recognition of his services to Iqbal and his family.

When Javid came back from England, Ali Bakhsh offered him Rs. 5000 with the intention of helping him start his practice, (this shows the extent of his sincerity and devotion to the family of Iqbal). The cook Majid was quite skilled in his work. He used to prepare *desi* food for Dr. Sahib. His speciality being *Shami Kababs,* a favourite dish of Iqbal. I used to help him by making light things like soup or poached eggs or some baked items which Dr. Sahib used to enjoy eating.

Dr Sahib's favourite dishes were *Karelas* filled with *Qeema, Bhindi Gosht, Shabdaig* with boiled rice. He would not eat beef and if he ever took any form of beef, accidentally it would make him ill. He commented that

this was probably because of the fact that his ancestors had been *Hindu Barahmans*. Among fruits, he liked mangoes very much and his friends, who knew about this Weakness, would often send him crates of mangoes. Mian Nizamuddin would send him the choicest mangoes from his garden in the season. Once Mian Amiruddin brought a new variety of mangoes which they had grafted. Dr. Sahib enjoyed this variety very much and he named it Sultan Tipu after the great Muslim ruler for whom he had tremendous admiration.

He told me that when he had enjoyed good health he had frequently visited the mango groves of Mian Nizamuddin during the life time of the said gentleman. After Mian Nizamuddin's death his son-in-law Mian Amiruddin used to visit Dr. Sahib regularly and bring him the mangoes of the season.

He liked sweetmeats very much. But he seldom took them during my stay since the doctor advised against it. He had initially suffered an attack of laryngitis when he took his favourite *Gajar Halwa* mixed with *Dahi*.

At breakfast he enjoyed drinking Kashmiri tea. Sometimes he took regular tea also with toast and poached eggs. He liked to take honey with his breakfast.

At lunch, which was a family occasion, he had his only big meal of the day. He enjoyed the company of the children and would inquire about their activities during the course of the meal. I would prepare two or three *saalans* for lunch every day and he would taste a little of each. He occasionally had a cup of tea in the afternoon. At night he would take soup and toast in bed.

During summer he insisted that the children should take *lassi* after eating mangoes as he thought the

mangoes had a heating effect on the system which was removed by *lassi*. He enjoyed drinking *lassi* himself also. He also drank *Sharbat Sandal* in summer or other *desi Sharbats* brought by Hakim Qarshi.

Rehma would wash the dishes and run all the errands for the cook and Ali Bakhsh, as well as do the gardening. He kept a heap of cow-dung cakes in one corner of' the garden from which he would supply Ali Bakhsh to make up the *huqqa* several times a day. He used to plant vegetables of the season in the garden such as *Karela, Loky* and *Bhindi* in summer and turnips, *Mooli, Mongra* and carrots in winter. We used to take *Jaman* and *Shehtut* from the garden in summer. Dr. Sahib would sometimes eat a few *Shehtut*.

There were two guava trees in the front lawn which bore a delicious variety of guavas in the season. I enjoyed these very much. We had a row of banana trees at the back of the house. But the bananas were not fit to be eaten raw. Majid, the cook, used them in his cooking. We also had *Falsa* and pomegranate trees but the pomegranates were not of a very good variety.

We did not keep any pet animals in the house since Dr. Sahib did not really fancy them. Javid once had kept a goat as a pet before I came, but he had become greatly attached to it and was grieved so much when it died, that Dr. Sahib did not encourage him to keep any pets after that.

We had a few seasonal flowers in the garden, but Rehma was not very successful as a flower grower. We had some *Motia* bushes in the garden. In summer, Ali Bakhsh would pluck the flowers and place them on a plate near Dr. Sahib's bed. He liked the fragrance of

Motia in his room. Dr. Sahib's room was cleaned and kept tidy every morning by Ali Bakhsh with the help of the sweepress. Dr. Sahib slept on a *Newar* bed with a thick *Gadda* in the winter and a *Dari* under him in the summer. He would use a *Razai* in the winter. During the day he kept a *Gaotekya* and two soft pillows behind him to enable him to sit up in the bed. Ali Bakhsh did not like anybody to interfere in his tiding up of Dr. Sahib's room. He used to spread newspapers on the dressing table to keep Dr. Sahib's toilet articles on it. Dr. Sahib's working papers were littered on another table. When I tidied up these papers and replaced the news-papers on the dressing table with a proper table cloth, Ali Bakhsh felt offended.

Haji Abdul Ghani was employed as cook in place of Majid a few months before Dr. Sahib's death. He would prepare delicious partridges for Dr. Sahib, one of Dr. Sahib's admirers used to send about two dozen live partridges in a large cage every now and then. Out of these one partridge would be prepared for Dr. Sahib daily.

MUNIRA

Munira was about six years old when I came to Javid Manzil. She was very shy and withdrawn for the first few weeks. But she gradually responded to my overtures. She used to be dressed in *Shalwar Qamees*. She wore her hair with centre parting in one long plait at the back. She had beautiful long hair and once I combed it and made it into two plaits. Dr. Sahib noticed this immediately and commented that this was the Jewish way of styling hair.

He did not approve of Bano wearing her hair in that manner. Afterwards, I always made it in one plait.

Bano spoke only Punjabi and Urdu. So we used to talk to each other in Urdu all the time. She used to tease me about my accent and mimic, the way in which I pronounced certain words. Mahmooda, daughter-in-law of Sh. Atta Muhammad, Dr. Sahib's elder brother, had been looking after Munira before I took over.

Dr. Sahib would lovingly call her 'Babbi' most of the time. Sometimes he called her Bano. Everyone else in the house called her Bano. Dr. Sahib was very attached to her and never spoke harshly to her on any occasion.

I would prepare Bano for school in the morning and Ali Bakhsh would take her there in a tonga. When I first arrived she was studying at a thereby school called Muslim Girls High School. I noticed that whenever she came from school her clothes were dirty and splattered with ink, twice her hair became infested with lice. She was not very happy in that school and did not seem to be doing too well in her studies. I suggested to Dr. Sahib that the school should be changed. He left the decision to me. So I went round to see the Girl schools in the neighbourhood.

The Kinnaird School, which was not very far, seemed to be maintaining good standard. The Principal told me that the study of the Bible was compulsory for all the pupils. I mentioned this to Dr. Sahib, who saw no harm in Bano attending these classes. He was of the view that it would increase her knowledge, he had also made a deep study of the Bible himself. He requested that separate arrangements be made at home to teach her the Holy Quran Ch. Muhammad Hussain made this

arrangement and Bano began attending the Kinnaird High School.

She liked that school very much and took a keener interest in her studies as well as the extracurricular activities of the school. She was greatly encouraged by a young lady teacher who took a keen interest in her academic progress. One day she came home from school very excited and said: "Apa Jan, I have heard a very interesting story in my Bible class today." She narrated to me the story of Yusouf and his brothers. I expressed my surprise to Maulvi Sahib that Munira had not read that story in her Quran lessons, on which I learnt that she was being taught only to read the Quran in Arabic. When I mentioned this to Dr. Sahib and Ch. Muhammad Hussain, they made arrangements for her to read as well as understand the Holy book.

Dr. Sahib always had lunch with the children in the afternoon and asked both Munira and Javid about their day's activities. In the evening after the children had eaten their dinner we would all go and sit in Dr. Sahib's room for a while. Ch. Muhammad Hussain was usually there at that time. Bano would chattaer and romp around the room for a while and then curl up and fall asleep on Dr. Sahib's bed when she was tired. I would then carry her inside to her own room where we both slept on adjoining cots.

I once knitted her a red sweater with white flowers on it. She put it on as soon as it was ready and ran to show it to Dr. Sahib crying out in pleasure:

"Look what a lovely sweater Apa Jan has made for me."

When I followed her into the room, he thanked me for knitting her such a colourful sweater and said:

"Now I can see the colour from a distance and recognize my Babbi when she returns from school."

By this time his eye-sight had become very weak and normally he had great difficulty identifying people from a distance.

One evening when we were sitting in Dr. Sahib's room after dinner, Bano suddenly said to me:

"Apa Jan! please say La Ilaha Illallah."

When I repeated this after her, she clapped her hands with glee and said:

"Now you have become a Muslim."

She thought for a while and then said:

"I am going to name you Fatima."

Dr. Sahib was very amused by this incident.

Once Bano mischievously told Dr. Sahib that I had not given her breakfast even though she had already eaten her breakfast. Ali Bakhsh was sent in to inquire from me. I came to Dr. Sahib's room and rebuked her for being naughty and telling a lie. I then took her back to her room and scolded her a bit trying to explain to her that she should not tell even a small lie. Later on Dr. Sahib told me in her absence that I had done the right thing by reprimanding her for telling a falsehood, but requested me to avoid scolding her in his presence, if possible, because it hurt his feelings.

When Bano was seven years old Sh. Atta Muhammad, Dr. Sahib's elder brother sent a *burqa* for Bano from Sialkot with the instructions that since she was then growing up, she should wear that whenever she went out of the house. I was flabbergasted at that. I

immediately took the *burqa* to Dr. Sahib and told him that I would not let Bano wear that under any circumstances. Dr. Sahib agreed with me that she did not need to wear that. Bano found it quite an amusing article of apparel and used it as a play-thing. She and her friends would wear it in turn and run around in the garden.

I always stitched Bano's clothes myself. She wore *Shalwar Qamees* which I made for her and in winter I even stitched her an overcoat. All these clothes were sewn on an old Singer Handsewing machine which belonged to Bano's mother. (This machine is still on display in Javid Manzil Museum.)

One of Bano's childhood friends was Jamila. They had been neighbours when Dr. Sahib was living a rented house on McLeod Road. Jamila's mother had been a very close friend of Bano's mother. She often brought her daughter to play with Bano in Javid Manzil. We became great friends and it was through her that I learnt things about Bano's mother. This helped me describe her to Bano and revive her memories of her mother Her name was Sardar Begum but Dr. Sahib used to call her Tahira. Jamila's mother told me that she had been a very kind and thoughtful person and that she used to run the household in a most accomplished manner. She would also call in the poor girls of the neighbourhood and taught them sewing and how to read the Holy Quran. I have also heard a great deal of praise about her from Dr. Sahib's sister, nieces and other female relatives. They told me that besides being a very good wife and mother she had treated them all as her own children and was very loving and kind to everyone. Dr. Sahib's relatives used to stay with Dr. Sahib for months on end and she would

look after all their needs. I have never heard anyone make any adverse remarks about her.

We had a photograph of her in the house which I had placed in Bano's room. Dr. Sahib appreciated this gesture very much. From the picture she appeared to be a good looking woman. She was of wheatish complexion, rather tall because the relatives mentioned that if a high bolt was to be opened or something to be reached for on a tall shelf, she used to be the one to do it. She had been brought up by her aunt, since her own mother had died when she was a baby. She had one brother, Abdul Ghani, who was very attached to the children and who used to come to see them regularly and take Javid out for sightseeing. They were also very attached to him. But unfortunately he also died shortly after their mother's death. His wife came a few times to visit the children.

Bano and I became extremely fond of each other and soon she was just like a daughter to me. One day I had gone shopping and instead of Ali Bakhsh fetching her from the school, I picked her up on the way back. She was very excited at this and kept chattering in the tonga. The *tongawala* was rather curious and asked me if she was my daugter. I replied in the negative. Bano heard this but made no remarks at that time. For the next few days her face was clouded and she was unusually quiet. I could not understand the reason for this till one day while I was talking to her I said as usual "Meri Baiti". On this she retorted:

> "You call me 'Meri Baiti', 'Meri Baiti' but that day when the tongawala asked you, you told him that I was not your daughter."

I explained to her with great difficulty that even though I loved her as my own child, her real mother was in heaven and even though she was like a daugter to me, I could not claim to be her mother.

Once I got permission to take Bano to see the film 'Snow White'. She was thrilled and remained spellbound throughout the film. When we were coming home in the tonga she went on talking about 'Snow White' and her mother. When she said " 'Apa Jan', I am sure that the wicked queen must have been a Hindu but 'Snow White' was a Muslim". I had, of course, to agree with her.

JAVID

Javid was about eleven years old when I came. Since he could already speak English quite fluently, we used to talk to each other in English. He was very inquisitive and curious, always asking questions about Europe and Germany and all kinds of other things. He loved to listen to my descriptions of Germany and was a great conversationalist.

I had brought a 'Voigt-Laender' camera with me from Germany. This camera also had a stand. I taught him how to take pictures and we used one of the bath-rooms as a dark room to develop them at home. He was also fond of conducting Chemistry experiments with some equipment he had set up in this bath-room. Dr. Sahib was very keen that he should study science.

I would have liked to teach him to speak German but whenever I tried he did not cooperate. He showed no inclination at all towards learing my mother-tongue and disappointed me by saying:

> "It is a useless language as it is not spoken anywhere except in Germany."

Inspite of my best efforts Bano did not learn any German either except for a few simple endearments like 'mein' 'kliener' 'liepling'. She used to love to listen to German nursery rhymes and she had learnt a few of them also. One of them was 'bakka bakka kuchen' and the other was 'so faren die damen'.

Dr. Sahib had done his Ph. D. from Germany, he remembered some German and would put in a word here and there when I was talking to him, but we did not hold a proper conversation in German. He had a few German books and he once gave me a beautiful handwritten German book to read. It was beautifully bound with painted borders on parchment and he asked me to handle it very carefully. It contained some of his poetry translated into German and I enjoyed reading it as this was the only time I could find out what his poetry was really like. I returned the book to him after reading it but I have not seen it since and no-one can tell me what has become of it. Dr. Sahib had gifted his entire library to the Islamia College through his will except for about 150 books which he left to Javid. These were the books that he liked best and studied most frequently. He wanted Javid to read them when he grew up. The German book is not in Javid's collection which is now in the Iqbal Museum. Perhaps it is in the Islamia College Library. It must be an extremely valuable book.

Javid was studying at that time in the Central Model High School. When I first came he used to go to school on a tonga. But I persuaded Dr. Sahib to let him have a bicycle and he finally allowed him to have one. He was

very excited with this and used to go about on it all the time.

Dr. Sahib used to insist on his wearing *Shalwar Qamees*. In winter he wore a coat over it. He started to wear trousers only after the death of Dr. Sahib. Dr. Sahib was very strict about his going out except to school. He only went to the cinema twice during the life of Dr. Sahib for which also I had to get special permission. One film was *Life of Emile Zola* and the other was a historical film about Napoleon Bonaparte. He also preferred that Javid's friends come and play with him in Javid Manzil, rather than his going to their homes. He was never allowed to stay the night at the house of any friend or relative.

Javid was quite a conscientious student and during Dr. Sahib's life time he used to get fairly good results in his school. Dr. Sahib used to take keen interest in his studies and regularly discussed and inquired about his school activities from him. Besides playing Badminton Javid had also made a small *Akhara* in the back garden where he used to wrestle with his friends. He had a good physique and did quite well in these matches. Sometimes, Dr. Sahib used to watch him wrestle.

Dr. Sahib was always worried about the future of his children as they were born quite late. He also felt that since there was a vast age difference or generation gap between him and them, he could not be as close to them as would have liked to be. He knew that he had only a shortwhile more to live and he was very perturbed as to what would become of his children after his death. There were no certain or steady means of income except the pension received from Bhopal. Besides meeting the household needs out of this monthly stipend Dr. Sahib

also sent a regular monthly payment to Aftab's mother till his death.

Munshi Tahir Din kept the monthly account and I was given Rs. 150 for the household expenses. Whenever I saved any money I would go over to Anarkali and get some material to make *Shalwar Qamees* for Bano or wool to knit a sweater for her. Sometimes I would also save enough to make a small table cloth or other household linen.

There were no parties, etc., as Dr. Sahib was not in good health. His living habits were very simple. He also liked that the children should live simple without any ostentation.

Javid did his home work himself and had his room where he kept his things along with the bathroom with his laboratory equipment and camera, etc. I could not assist him with his lessons as they were too complicated for me. Once he had a teacher called Ghulam Nasir Khan who helped him for a shortwhile with his studies.

CH. MUHAMMAD HUSSAIN

He was the closest friend of Dr. Sahib. He lived very close by in Qila Gujjar Singh and came to the house regularly every evening after dinner. He would then sit with Dr. Sahib for two or three hours. He was always there when I took children to Dr. Sahib after dinner. He was a tall, hefty man, with a beard, in his late fifties, always dressed in *Shalwar Qamees* and a fur cap on his head. He was employed at that time in the Government service as Press Adviser.

He was a very well read man and Dr. Sahib used to discuss his own poetry with him and also his philosophical ideas. If Dr. Sahib made any changes or corrections in the verses, he had written, he would always read them out to Ch. Sahib for his comments. He seemed to be the person who was closest in intellect and thinking to Dr. Sahib and he shared all his thoughts with him.

He was appointed by Dr. Sahib as one of the guardians of his children. After the death of Dr. Sahib he would visit every day and he was the person who took most interest in the children's upbringing. He was a truly dedicated friend and admirer and whenever I felt any problem regarding the household or the children or any worry of any kind, I would always ask for his help and he gave very sympathetic and sound advice.

I feel that he would have been the person most suited to write about Dr. Sahib, his life and thinking as he knew him better than anyone else that I have known. He was a very dignified, unassuming and kind person. He had a very large family of his own, a wife and eight children. In spite of this he gave a lot of time and attention to Javid and Munira. He concerned himself deeply with Javid's education and personally instructed and educated him in the works of Allama Iqbal, when Javid was in college. Javid has also a great attachment for him and has attributed to him his knowledge and understanding of his father's works.

Munshi Tahir Din

Munshi Tahir Din had been Dr. Sahib's legal clerk while he was practising and later on he continued to keep his accounts. He used to pay the salary on the 1st of every month, give me the household money and settle any other bill and financial matters. He also supervised the publications of the books of Dr. Sahib any collected the royalties etc. The books at that time were published by M/S Gulab Chand Kapoor and M/S Atar Chand Kapoor of Lahore.

He would come once every few days in Dr. Sahib's life time and wrote out the accounts in relevant registers. He continued to look after these accounts after Dr. Sahib's death. But then his visits were few and far between.

He also had his own business of Dilroze medicines. He was one of the persons appointed by Dr. Sahib through his will as a guardian of the children after his death. He was a very reserved man and I did not get to know him very well as had no real contact with him.

Munshi Tahir Din had five sons of whom Bashir, Aziz and Shafique were very friendly with Javid. After Dr. Sahib's death Shafique used to spend most of his time at Javid Manzil and would some time stay there for weeks on end.

Raja Hassan Akhtar

Raja Hassan Akhtar, who was then a young man, was among the great admirers of Dr. Sahib. He came to visit him very frequently and would bring his son Zahoor

Akhtar along with him. Zahoor was about Javid's age and they became great friends. Raja Hassan Akhtar was always very friendly and inquired from me about the children and about my activities whenever he came. He was among those people present on Dr. Sahib's last night.

DR. ABDUL HAMEED

He was a doctor in the Mayo Hospital. He would often come to see Dr. Sahib in the morning. He visited as a friend and not as a doctor. But Dr. Sahib had asked him to look after me if I ever needed any medical attention which he always did. After Dr. Sahib's death he treated me for my stomach ulcer and got me admitted to the hospital for a month.

Dr. Sahib himself was being treated always by Hakim Muhammad Hassan Qarshi, who was his friend as well as his medical adviser. He visited at least once a week. Dr. Sahib had great faith in his treatment. During his last days when he was taken very ill Hakim Qarshi was away in Hyderabad and Dr. Selzer and Dr. Ellahi Bakhsh treated him, but Dr. Sahib did not like it. He told me that the Hakims have a special recipe of pearls, emeralds and gold-dust mixed together and made into little pills which give special strength to the heart. Hakim Qarshi had asked me to see that Dr. Sahib took his medicines regularly and I had made it a point to give him pills in time. When Dr. Sahib was very sick he said:

> "I wish Hakim Sahib was here. These doctors give me all kinds of injections and European treatments which are not beneficial for me. They only upset me."

DR. JAMIAT SINGH

When Javid was ill with Malaria he was treated by a doctor called Jamiat Singh, who was also a friend of Dr. Sahib. He visited him regularly. His residence was on Abbot Road. His wife was dead and he had a little girl who used to accompany him whenever he came, as he could not leave her alone at home. She would play with Bano on these visits. Dr. Jamiat Singh had also treated Javid's mother before her death and her death certificate was made out by him.

KHALIFA ABDUL HAKEEM

Khalifa Abdul Hakeem was an admirer of Dr. Sahib who visited sometimes. He was the person who had written to Rashid Siddiqui of Aligarh to ask me if I could come to Javid Manzil.

Muhammad Shafi and Nazir Niazi were both young men who came every day and read Dr. Sahib's Urdu letters. They also read the Urdu newspaper to him and handled his Urdu correspondence. Nazir Niazi took dictation of Dr. Sahib's poetry and anything else he wished to have written down. They were both very devoted to Dr. Sahib. Meem Sheen was working as a reporter in the Civil and Military Gazette and Niazi Sahib had employment in the Government. Another of his great friends was Mian Nizamuddin and his son-in-law Mian Amiruddin who was a devoted admirer. Mian Amiruddin was at that time the Mayor of Lahore. He was also the Sub-Registrar. He got Dr. Sahib's will registered and it was also deposited with him for safe keeping.

ALLAMA IQBAL'S RELATIVES

SH. ATTA MUHAMMAD

Sh. Atta Muhammad, the elder brother of Iqbal, was several years older to him. He was the one who sent Iqbal to Europe for higher education. He was tall, slim, very fair and rather stern looking. He was always dressed in *Shalwar Qamees,* turkish coat and turben. He lived in Sialkot and visited about once a month. He did not seem to approve of a *Maim Sahib* looking after his nephew and neice and was rather disdainful of my presence in the house. He was very rigid Muslim and thought that a Muslim lady should have been deputed to look after Bano and Javid. I would consequently make myself scarce whenever he visited and when Ali Bakhsh announced his arrival I would avoid going to Dr. Sahib's room as far as possible. Dr. Sahib had a great deal of respect for him and never contradicted him. However, if there was something on which he had a difference of opinion, he would quietly do what he thought best without annoying him as he did in the case of Sh. Sahib's instructions regarding Bano's wearing a *Burqa.*

When Dr. Sahib died Sh. Atta Muhammad came immediately on hearing the news and took control of everything. Sh. Atta Muhammad's wife was a pretty and charming lady and came with him a few time from Sialkot. She was very docile and quiet. Her personality seemed to be totally subdued by her husband, who would wield authority on everyone around him including his own father and mother.

KARIM BIBI

Karim bibi was the younger sister of Iqbal. Out of all his sisters and brothers he was closest to her. She was fair, medium height, slim and very charming in appearance and in conversation She always had a twinkle in her eyes and was blessed with a wonderful sense of humane. She was a widow and lived in Sialkot and for sometime in Gakhar. She visited Lahore often and would stay with us for a week or 10 days, sometimes even longer. I was very glad when she came to visit us as she was very good company and I was very fond of her. In winter she would place a *Kangri* full of hot coals under warm *Shal* during the day. At night before going to sleep she would keep it under the *Lehaf* to warm her bed.

Bano and Javid were both very fond of her and looked forward to her visits. She never interfered in any matter and was always very jovial and entertaining. She was always reciting from the Quran and used to carry a *Tasbeeh* in her hand and offered her prayers regularly. One always found something interesting to discuss with her and she was full of interesting stories and anecdotes. One day Bano's cousin Inayat came to visit us and when she heard our laughter from outside she thought that there was a party going on in the house. Karim Bibi's elder son Sarwar lived nearby in Gawalmandi and he would often come to visit her at Javid Manzil.

At the time of Bano's marriage to Mian Salahuddin she was the one to scrutinize and approve him. She took a very active part in the marriage arrangements. During Dr. Sahib's life she visited frequently and after his death also. She was a regular visitor. When I was working in the Red Cross she felt that I used to become over-tired

and would look after me very solicitously. She would soak *Badam* over night and give me six every morning when I woke up saying that they would give me strength in body and mind.

She would inquire about Dr. Sahib's health every morning from Ali Bakhsh and if he was feeling bright she would go and sit with him for sometime. She told me that they had spent their childhood in Sialkot together but it was not for a very long time as he was there only for his Matriculation and F. A. and subsequently came to Lahore for further studies. She told me about his first marriage. This had been arranged by his parents and he had to accept their wishes. However, he had not been able to adjust with his first wife as she was older to him and their temperaments had not been suited to each other. When they had separated she had not accepted a divorce and in deference to her wishes he had not insisted on it. She always lived with her parents in Gujrat after the first couple of years of their marriage. His second marriage, Karim Bibi told me, was to a lady from Ludhiana. This took place 15 years later. This lady was from very wealthy family of that city. His marriage to Bano's mother had also taken place at about the same time. Both these wives lived together and they had such good relations that there was never any quarrel between them. Karim Bibi felt that the good nature and understanding of Bano's mother was the main reason for this relationship.

These two ladies conceived at the same time and they had agreed to exchange their children when they were born. She went to Ludhiana for her delivery while Javid's mother went to Sialkot. Unfortunately, the lady from Ludhiana died in child birth along with her baby.

Karim Bibi told me that in his youth Dr. Sahib had been very keen in flying kites and keeping pigeons and quails. His elder brother had been very strict with him. He bossed the whole family and dominated his parents. But Iqbal respected him very much and never raised his voice in front of him.

ZAINAB

Zainab was the youngest sister of Iqbal. She was living with her husband in Wazirabad and visited less frequently than Karim Bibi. Unlike Karim Bibi she had a taciturn and *Phuphi* Karim Bibi always referred to her as Maulvi Sahib. She was rather reserve and quiet. She would always get permission before going in to see Dr. Sahib for about half an hour in the morning. She was not as close to Dr. Sahib as Karim Bibi. This was due to the difference in their ages and also her rather reserve nature.

Dr. Sahib was not superstitious by temperament. He was a staunch Muslim but was not *Z'aeeful Eteqad*. Zainab was regularly saying her prayers but at the same time she was rather superstitious and believed in all kinds of *Ta'veez,* etc. When Dr. Sahib was very ill, she came to see him about two weeks before his death and insisted on calling an *Aamel*. Just to satisfy her I agreed to this. When the *'Aamel* came, he asked for certain things and Zainab instructed Ali Bakhsh to bring three yards of black cloth, quantities of *Dals,* sugar, Sarson oil, *atta* and a live black cock. All the other things were very easily procured but All Bakhsh had some difficulty in finding a black cock. Finally, when all the things had been collected, she told me that the *Aamel* wanted the black

Murgha to be kept all night in Dr. Sahib's room. Dr. Sahib was already very weak and partly unconscious. He had a weak heart and I felt that the sudden crowing of the cock may give him heart attack. Dr. Sahib had not been informed of Zainab's plan because I was certain that he would never have approved of it. So I put my foot down about allowing the *Murgha* to remain there all night. Finally, after a long heated discussion Zainab and I arrived at a compromise. We decided that Ali Bakhsh would take the black *Murgha* through Dr. Sahib's room at about 4-30 a.m with his hand over its beak. After this all the things were delivered to the *Aamel* who chanted some verses for a few minutes and then left with his booty.

Unfortunately this whole drill had no salutary effect on Dr. Sahib's health and he passed away within a fortnight of this occurrence. But I am sure that the *Aamel* had a good feast with all the things he had collected. Dr. Sahib had never held a very high opinion about the so-called Mullahs. He once remarked to me that one should always be careful with some of them because you never know what mischief they hide behind their prayers.

Sh. Atta Muhammad had two sons, Mukhtar and Ejaz. The younger son Mukhtar had been brought up by Dr. Sahib and had lived for several years with him at his McLeod Road house. When I came, he was living in Lahore with his wife, also named Mukhtar. They both visited us frequently. He was very much like his father, rather stern and of a reserved temperament.

Sh. Ejaz Ahmad was the elder son of Sh. Atta Muhammad. He was very well educated and Dr. Sahib seemed to have had a very high opinion of him as he

appointed him a guardian of his minor children in preference to his father Sh Atta Muhammad. Towards the end of his life, however, he expressed to me that he wished that he had made some other choice since Ejaz Ahmad had become a *Qadiyani,* an act which Dr. Sahib had thoroughly disapproved, this opinion he expressed to me several times.

Inayat, the daughter of Sh. Atta Muhammad, was married to someone working in the Railway Department. She lived nearby in the Railway quarters with her family. She visited us often and I took Bano to visit her sometimes. She was one of the nicest members of the family and Bano and I always looked forward to her visits. Two of her daughters Nadira and Azra were close in age to Bano and they were great friends. Azra's marriage took place in Wazirabad in 1950. Bano and I went to attend it and I found it a fascinating occasion. Sh. Atta Muhammad had a third son named Imtiaz who had been a weight-lifter. He died at a very young age while trying to lift an unusual heavy weight. His wife Mahmooda lived in Javid Manzil for sometime before my arrival and looked after Bano. She left shortly after I came and I rarely saw her after that. Waseema, Sh. Atta Muhammad's younger daughter was married to Nazir Soofi. He was a very dominating person. She came to visit us with her husband several times.

DR. SAHIB'S LAST DAYS

Dr. Sahib's health suddenly took a serious turn for the worse around the 18th of April, 1938. Before this his health was indifferent, sometimes weaker sometimes

better. But in the last three days of his life his heart became very weak and he was very listless and apathetic.

On the morning of the 20th he complained that he felt very weak. Hakeem Qarshi was away to Hyderabad. So Ch. Muhammad Hussain, Dr. A. Hameed, Dr. Qayyum, Raja Hassan Akhtar and Munshi Tahir Din consulted among themselves and decided to call in Dr. Selzer and Dr. Ellahi Bakhsh to see him. They prescribed certain medicines and injections which were administered to him.

When I went to see him at mid-day Dr. Sahib said, "I wish Qarshi was here. This Western treatment only upsets me and I do not believe that it will help me." Dr. Selzer and Ellahi Bakhsh came again in the evening and gave some injections. I was walking outside in the courtyard with the children. One of his friends came out and I inquired how he was. He remarked that he was in a critical condition.

Dr. Sahib's bed had been placed in the drawing room during the day since there was better light in that room for the injections. But at night they took him back to his own bedroom. Before going to bed I went in to have a look at him. His eyes were closed and he appeared to be sleeping. He was looking very pale and drawn and I crept out without saying anything lest he be disturbed. Dr. Qayyum was sitting with him at that time and he kept vigil over him throughout the night. I believed certain other of his friends were also present during that night. When it was the time for morning prayers Dr. Qayyum and his friends went to offer their prayers in the adjacent mosque when they heard the call of the *Moazzin* and Ali Bakhsh was the only person left in the room with Dr. Sahib.

At about 4-30 a.m. Ali Bukhsh rushed into the room where Bano and I were sleeping saying that Dr. Sahib had just passed away. Bano woke up and we both went into his room. His face was calm and he seemed to be relieved of all pains. Javid was also woken up. Bano was sitting in my lap while Javid was sitting next to me. We were all weeping and that seemed to me the blackest day in my life.

Ali Bakhsh called Ch. Muhammad Hussain from his house in Qila Gujjar Singh. He rushed over and immediately took control of the situation. I was at a total loss as to what was to be done and it was he who informed all the relatives and friends of Dr. Sahib's demise and also made the necessary arrangements for the funeral.

He instructed Ali Bakhsh and me to put away all Dr. Sahib's personal belongings including his books, etc. into one room before the mourners arrived and he himself assisted us in performing this task. When everything had been put away that room was locked and the rest of the rooms were prepared for seating the mourners by spreading sheets on the floor.

The relatives started arriving from early morning. The women-folk sat in the inner rooms and the men in the drawing, dining and front rooms. After Dr. Sahib had been bathed and shrouded, his bed was placed in the middle of the room and Ali Bakhsh came to tell me to bring Bano and Javid to see him before everyone else came in. I took them both in but I felt that Dr. Sahib was no longer there. It seemed very strange to see him in the white shroud with strong smell of camphor pervading the whole room. The children were also stunned. Since that day I have never been able to stand

the smell of camphor. I then led the children away and the room became crowded with Dr. Sahib's friends, relatives and admirers.

Bano was naturally very upset and wept a great deal. When her friend Jamila came with her mother, I sent the two girls out in the garden to play. Some of the relatives strongly criticized this and insisted that Bano should be made to sit inside and weep so that her father may get rest in heaven. I firmly refused to call her in as I knew that if she wept any more, she would certainly fall ill.

Some strange women whom I had never seen before were howling on the top of their voices and every time a new person came in, there would be a fresh uproar. It was all a nightmare of sorrow and noise and confusion for the children and me. Everyone, except Ch. Sahib, was trying to impress his own importance on the occasion. Ch. Sahib was really the person who quietly did everything and looked after even the smallest details. The funeral left at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and there were thousands of mourners with it. Sh. Atta Muhammad and the other relatives from Sialkot arrived at about mid-day. Aftab and his mother came early in the morning and stayed till the funeral was over. Some of the relatives were curious to know as to what was in the room that had been locked. Even at a time like this they did not refrain from breaking open the lock when I told them that I had no key. Some of the things were lost in the following confusion till Ch. Sahib regained control and got the place locked again.

DR. SAHIB'S WILL

Sometime before he died Dr. Sahib had made a will regarding the guardianship and custody of his children and how their affairs were to be handled after his death. He had appointed three guardians to look after them, Ch. Muhammad Hussain, Sh. Tahir Din and Sh. Ejaz Ahmad. The reasons he gave for appointing these guardians was that he himself was old and in bad health and did not want that the children should be left after with no one to care for them.

He had worried a great deal about their future and sometimes discussed it with me. He had always wondered how they would manage after he died, since they were very young and had still to be educated.

He told me shortly before he died that he wished he had kept Mian Amiruddin and me as guardians specially as I was so close to the children. But since the will had been signed and registered he probably did not feel it was expedient to change it. He requested me not to leave the children after he died, and to remain with them until they grew up as the house had become a home for them again since my arrival. He wrote this to many of his friends also. *Phuphi* Karim Bibi later read these relevant portions out to me from a book published as 'A Collection of Iqbal's Letters'.

He had also asked Ch. Muhammad Hussain to prevail on me to stay on with the children after his death and, therefore, when he passed away I continued to have custody of the children and the three of us stayed in Javid Manzil with Ali Bakhsh, the cook Abdul Ghani and Rehma, the Mali.

Ch. Sahib would visit us every day and inquire about the children and took great pains in looking after their affairs. Hakeem Tahir Din still looked after the accounts. After sometime Mian Tufail took over this duty and kept the accounts till 1979 when he died. He was honest and extremely reliable and trustworthy.

There was no change in the childrens' daily routine after Dr. Sahib's death except that his absence was felt sorely by all of us and we usually missed his presence at the luncheon table and our evening get-together in his room.

I missed going to his room every morning to read his mail. The lunch time was not the same at all when Dr. Sahib asked the children about their day's activities. The constant stream of visitors also ceased after the first few weeks and the children and I were left mostly to ourselves except for Ch. Sahib's regular visits.

I stayed on in Javid Manzil for the next Twenty-eight years with a break of two years in between when I went to stay with my sister in Aligarh.

Bano studied for first few years in Kinnaird School and then she was shifted to Queen-Marry School where she stayed in the boarding house for most of the period while I was away.

By 1948 Javid had passed his B.A. and taken two M.A. degrees in Philosophy and English from Lahore. He had done very well in philosophy and secured a gold medal for standing first in the University. He wished to continue his further studies abroad. Dr. Sahib had written in his will that Javid should not leave his home before Bano was settled in life. There were many proposals for Bano who was eighteen years old by this

time. Ch. Muhammad Hussain, *Phuphi* Karim Bibi and a few close relatives scrutinized all these proposals. The choice by consensus fell on Mian Salahuddin. Ch. Muhammad Hussain felt that since Mian Nizam Din and Mian Amiruddin were both friends of Dr. Sahib, he would have approved of this marriage. They also held Dr. Sahib and his family in great respect. Bano was married to Mian Salahuddin in 1948. Ch. Muhammad Hussain and Hakeem Tahir Din made all the arrangements for the wedding and it was a well-attended and colourful function. By the grace of God, Bano was very happily married and Ch. Sahib's choice proved to be a good one.

Javid left for Cambridge University shortly after Munira's marriage. I stayed on in the house and took up employment with Siemens Company. When Bano had three children, Asad, Yusuf and Iqbal, I enjoyed helping her look after them, though most of the upbringing was done by their paternal grandmother Begum Amiruddin. I kept a pet cat called Ferine to keep me company when I returned in the evening from my work.

Hanifa, (Mian Salahuddin's sister) and her husband Khawaja A. Rahim lived in Javid Manzil along with their children while Javid was away to England. I stayed in the guest room outside, which came permanently to be known as my room.

When Javid returned from Cambridge after his Ph. D. and Bar in 1956, he wished to have Munira close to him after separation of so many years and invited her to come and live with her husband and children in Javid Manzil. Mian Salli graciously agreed and we were all together again in the old house where the youngest son of Munira was born. She named him Iqbal after her

father and was very happy that he was born in her father's house.

We all lived together very happily in Javid Manzil till 1962, when Bano and her family shifted to their new house in Gulberg. Once again Javid and I were left alone in the house.

Javid was away for several months every year on U. N. sessions, foreign conferences and for serving as a visiting Professor in Mexico University. The old servants had retired and left except for Ali Bakhsh. I had retired from Siemens and felt very lonely by myself. I had two brothers in Germany, one in Braunchweig (Bonaswick) West Germany and the other in East Berlin. They were both anxious for me to return to Germany.

Finally in 1962 I left for West Berlin. I chose this place because I could visit both my brothers easily from there.

When Javid returned from his U.N. Session in January 1964, the loneliness of the house must have overwhelmed him and I was overjoyed to hear in May that he had decided to get married.

I could not attend his marriage in October 1964 but when I heard in the September of 1965 that he had been blessed with a baby son, I could no longer resist the urge to see them all again. So I booked my passage by sea and arrived in Lahore before Christmas. Bano, Salli and Javid, Nasira and their children had all come to the railway station to receive me, and I was thrilled to be back with my family in Javid Manzil.

My room was very much the same but looking gay and fresh with new curtains, covers and flowers. Ali Bakhsh, Abdul Ghani, the cook, and Karam Bibi, the

sweepress, were very excited to see me again and we all talked about old times.

Munib, Javid's little son, became very attached to me during my three months stay and it was with a heavy heart that I left for Berlin when the summer began.

I visited again in 1967 when Javid's younger son Walid was born and again in 1975 and 1977 and found it a delightful experience to be surrounded every visit by new additions in my family. Yusuf, Bano's son, was married in 1974 and I enjoyed playing with his children also.

In November of 1977 when I was back in Germany, I was informed by the Pakistan Embassy that the Government of Pakistan had awarded me a special medal and prize in recognition of my services to Iqbal's family and I was invited to receive this award in Lahore from the President of Pakistan at the Iqbal Centennial Congress.

I was touched by this gesture of appreciation for what had been to me a labour of love. But inspite of my keen desire to revisit Pakistan on this occasion my bad health precluded me from attending the Centennial Congress at Lahore.

The award was subsequently presented to me by the Pakistan Ambassador at a simple ceremony in the Pakistan Embassy in Bonn.

I have not revisited Pakistan for the past several years due to my failing health, yet in my dreams I see the old familiar surroundings and hear the loved voices of my dear ones every day.

I have heard that Javid Manzil has now become a National Museum open to the public where Dr. Sahib's manuscripts and belongings are displayed and the three rooms he used have been rearranged in the same way as they were during his life time. This is in the fitness of things and yet it saddens me for I can no longer visit it as my home.

Javid, I hear, has shifted to a new house in Gulberg near Munira's and I long to visit them both and their families.

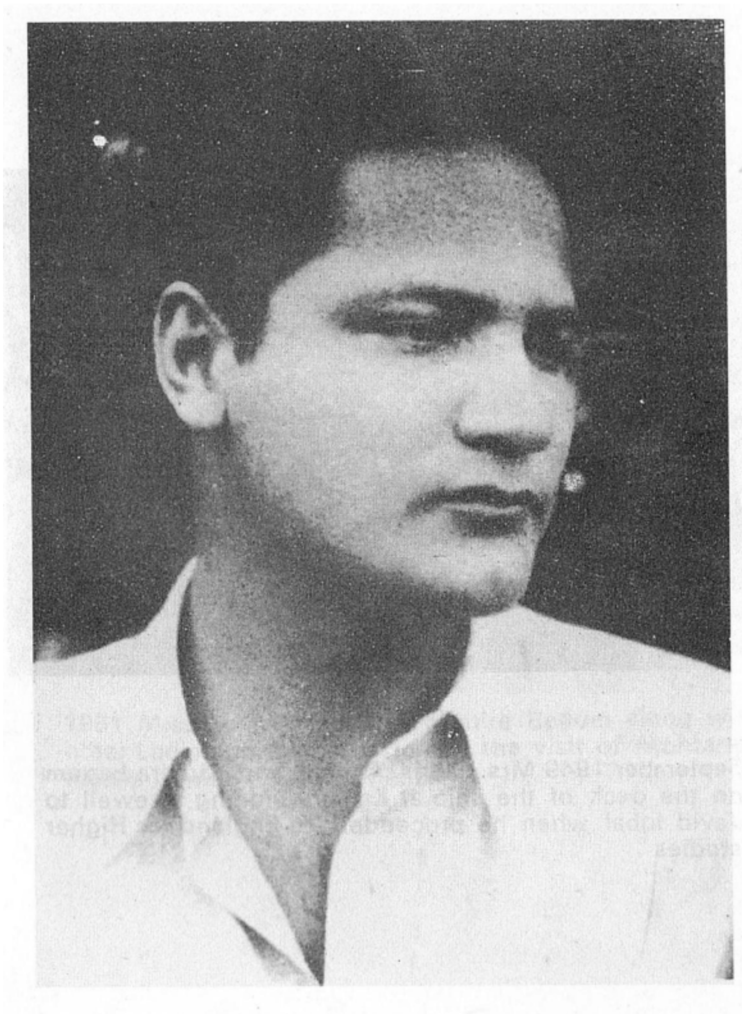
I pray to Allah that he may give me a chance to come and visit them all again in the near future.



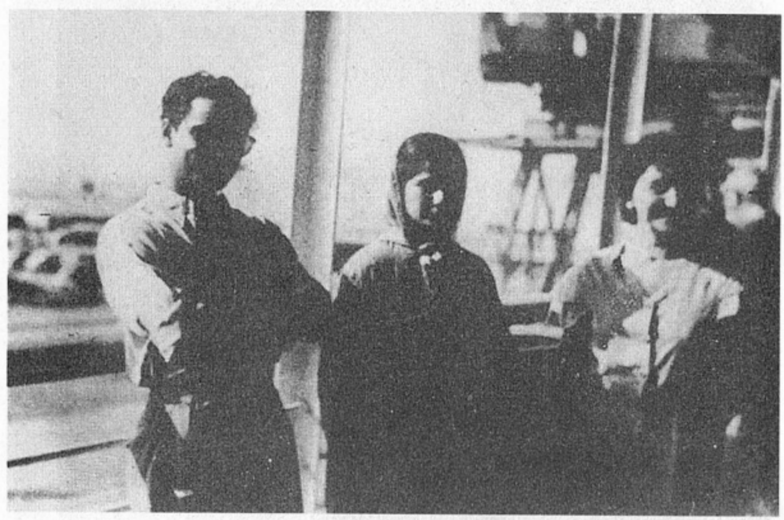
Doris Ahmad



21st April 1938 the funeral procession of Allama Iqbal starting from Javid Manzil.



1944 Javid Iqbal as B A. student of Government College Lahore



September 1949 Mrs. Doris Ahmad and Munira begum on the deck of the ship at Karachi bidding farewell to Javid Iqbal when he proceeded to England for Higher studies



1951 Mrs. Doris Ahmad and Munira Begum along with other Ladies on the occasion of the visit of Mohtarma Fatima Jinnah to Javid Manzil.



September 1956 on the occasion of return of Javid Iqbal from England Mrs. Ahmad, Munira Begum, Mian Salahuddin and Ali Bakhsh receiving him at the Lahore Railway Station.



September 1956 on the occasion of return of Javid Iqbal from England Mrs. Doris Ahmad and Munira Begum along with Mian Salahuddin receiving him at Lahore Railway Station.